

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY JULY 9, 1891.

Real Estate, Loan and Insurance EXCHANGE.

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from \$100 to \$500 each.

Also many of the Finest Business Sites.

Time given purchasers who intend building.

Time given purchasers who intend buying.

Sole agent for all property of M. L. S. & W. R'y Co., Brown Brothers, S. H. Albau and others.

• • • LOANS • • •

I can place any amount of money on improved Real Estate at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 1 to 5 years time, netting from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

- - INSURANCE - -

I represent several of the Heaviest and most liberal and reliable Insurance Companies doing business in the world, and make a specialty of writing Life Insurance at Equitable Rates.

- - ABSTRACT - -

The only Abstracts of Oneida County Lands. Two Complete Sets.

PAUL BROWNE.

Office on Davenport Street.



O. F. Wissler

MAKER OF FINE

CIGARS

The "Soo" and O. F. W

ARE OUR SPECIALTIES.

RHINELANDER. WISCONSIN.

DRY GOODS,

Groceries and Shoes.

Our line of Dry Goods is always well assorted with the newest things in market. Our load of Groceries always in stock. We carry the best and leading makes of Men's, Women's and Children's Fine Shoes, such as The Celebrated John Kelly, McClure, Blaser & Eggert and many other makes. Men's and Women's Furnishing Goods, Clothing, Hardware and Lumbermen's Supplies, and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. We are also at the bottom on prices.

SPAFFORD & COLE.

THE CELEBRATION.

EVERYTHING PASSES OFF QUIETLY.

WATERSMEET LOSES A SURE THING.—The Day's Program as Carried Out.

The elements were favorable for a successful celebration of this glorious country's birthday in the year 1891. The program as outlined was carried out in Rhinelander. Neighboring towns contributed liberally to the crowd which lined the main streets in the early morning. The parade, which was a trifle late, was creditable to all participating. The Knights of Pythias Uniformed Rank presented a fine appearance. The young ladies representing the different states were attractively attired. The societies represented as advertised and the big californian parade centered itself into one rig, consisting of an ox and two men. A large crowd assembled near the speakers platform to listen to the patriotic music and words. Judge S. H. Albau presided and the quartette sang well. John Barnes delivered the oration, which was in exceptional good taste, and interested the large audience to the end.

He reviewed, in pleasing phraseology the events which inspire patriotism and make the fireworks business pay a dividend. The idiotic but fashionable idea that Fourth of July celebrations were becoming ridiculous—not to quote the speaker, very chestnutly, was neatly turned by the speaker. He said "the custom of turning loose embryotic orators and deluging a sweltering audience with long winded speeches, has been severely criticized by our foreign neighbors, who say we are given too much to self adulation. I cannot agree with them. We can point with pride to our history, and such being the case we should be allowed to talk all we wish to about it. If we were ashamed of our past, as some of them have reason to be, it would certainly be wise to keep still. There is no better way to inspire patriotism and love of country in a rising generation than by recounting to them the acts and patriotic exploits of the forefathers of the country it claims for its own. We are told of our faults and our follies by the press, from the pulpit and rostrum every day in the year. One day of jubilation is not too much."

The address was not too long to weary his hearers, and the speaker was heartily applauded. The Declaration was well read by Mary Howe Shelton, and the music was both appropriate and well rendered.

Immediately after dinner the races took place on Brown street, and were highly interesting. The foot race was won by rank outsiders. There were fifteen entries, and not a Rhinelander man got within a gun shot of the goal. It was a hundred yard dash and the time made was eleven seconds. Weld, a long sander who had to be urged into the race carried off first money without an effort. The Watersmeet man got second money and third was taken by a stranger named Robinson. The town sprints guarded the rear. The potato, sack and other races proved very interesting. Running race on Davenport street was a good one. George O'Donnell won the first heat with his scull, and drew out on account of a bad shoe. Two more heats were run by Howard Robbins and Sam Cole, both on braces, the latter winning the two heats. At 3:30 an immense crowd had gathered at the ball park to witness the game between Watersmeet and Rhinelander. It was one of the most exciting games ever seen in Northern Wisconsin and not until the last man was out was the game sure.

WATERSMEET GAME LOADED with players sufficient to give them a sure lead pipe cinch on the game. They began exhibiting plenty of nerve and plenty of money as soon as they arrived. They had a battery which was paid \$150 and "couldn't lose." Altogether they had two or three Watersmeet men tangled up in the game. The O. F. W's. played their regular team. A number of bets offered by outsiders were taken before the game, and after it started the money went up rapidly. The game opened with McIndoe at bat, who went to first on balls. The next two men got to first on errors, and then Watersmeet put out the side without a run. Three Watersmeet men on bases and no one out was the condition, not the theory, which confronted the O. F. W's. in their half of the first inning also, but not a run was scored. From that on the game was a lively one. The batting on both sides was light, and the rough condition of the grounds made the fielding impossible. But the hits, errors and runs were so evenly distributed that the result was a guess to the end. In the second inning

after two men were out Weber hit the ball to short, and Jacobson threw it over Squier's head. The fleet-footed pitcher kept on running and in trying to stop him at third Squier threw by Dewey and the first run of the game was presented. In the home club's inning Bishop hit the ball out into the crowd in right field, taking second. He stole third and scored on a short passed ball, just before the side was out. Watersmeet got one in the third. Weber was again the lucky man. He hit the ball down in front of the plate, Bishop threw it low to first. He was advanced to third on two errors and came in on a hit past second. The home club gained the lead by scoring in both the fourth and fifth. McIndoe got first on a fumble of the third basement, from which he promptly stole second. He went to third on Jones' hit, and scored on a short passed ball. Watersmeet was presented with another run in the sixth. Lawler went to base on balls, stole second and scored on a fumble at third. In the ninth the only earned run of the game was made. Squier came to the slaughter after having struck out at each previous exhibition. His friends yelled and plead for a hit. He swiped it and the echo of the swipe awoke the slumbering denizens of Cadillac and Sand Lake. It was clean two-baseger between left and center and on the poor return of the ball Squier went to third. It only needed a hit to win and Jewell was equal to the emergency. He sacrificed down the third base line and before the bat could be captured Squier was across the plate with the winning run. All Michigan seemed to join in the chorus of singing the praises of long-legged Squier and the rest of the nine. Something came up in the neck of Watersmeet's hired team and with difficulty they were disposed of in the ninth without a run. The score:

SOME FAST TIME.
The Fire Company Proves its Effectiveness and Speed.

Monday morning about ten o'clock fire broke out in the building owned by Geo. Jewell on Brown street and in a few moments it was a complete mass of flames. The Morgan House on the north and the Chinese laundry on the south soon ignited and for a time it looked as though all would be consumed, but the firemen were now industrious at work and the flames were soon under subjection. It only took the boys two minutes after the alarm sounded to throw water from the hydrants on the fire.

In a minute after the first alarm sounded the hose cart was on its way to the fire and in another minute a stream was playing on the flames. Liverman Hall happened to have a team standing in front of his barn as the hose cart came out and it was at once pressed into service and with all the effectiveness of a city fire engine team they ran down the street. The north side company were not far behind despite the long distance they had to come. They came down on the dead jump, but at the corner of Brown and Davenport streets the rope fastening their cart to the wagon broke. The cart upset, breaking everything about it except the wheels. Ed. Dimick, who was riding it, was thrown heavily, but escaped with a few bruises. The damage is slight. There was no insurance on the little shop which burned, neither was there any on the building occupied as a laundry. The Morgan House is insured and the loss there will be slight.

MARRIED.
July fourth by County Judge, J. W. McCormick, George O'Donnell and Miss Libbie Kern. The young people are both well known and well liked here.

Fred Parsons and Amelia Bahrens were married at Oshkosh July 5th.

BASE BALL—TOMORROW AT 3:30, Portage vs. O. F. W's.

MISS SALES, of Michigan, is visiting W. H. Brown's.

BASE BALL TOMORROW AT KEENAN'S PARK. GAME BEGINS AT 3:30.

PRICES ON PHOTOGRAPHS LOWER THAN EVER AT WOLCOTT'S NEW GALLERY.

DR. SHAW, of Antigo, was in town yesterday for a few hours.

S. H. Bowman has returned from his extended trip through the south.

Mrs. Geo. Dusel is visiting friends and relatives in Royalton this week.

GROUP PICTURES A SPECIALTY AT WOLCOTT'S NEW GALLERY ON BROWN STREET.

MISS LUC REED, of Oshkosh, is visiting with the family of R. Reed in this city.

EAGLE RIVER'S BALL TEAM SUFFERED DEFEAT FOR A STARTER. ANTIGO PUT IT ON THEM THE FOURTH.

MARK SHAFFER IS MOVING HIS GOODS INTO THE NEW STORE NEXT TO ONE NOW OCCUPIED BY HIM.

D. R. COOTIN'S FAMILY HAVE ARRIVED FROM KANKANINGA AND ARE SETTLED PERMANENTLY IN THEIR NEW HOME ON HIS LAKE CREEK CLAIM.

THE PURCHASE OF WATER FRONT LOTS BY DAVID JENNINGS IS AN INDICATION THAT HE INTENDS MAKING RHINELANDER A POINT FOR SOME BUSINESS INVESTMENT.

A CHANGE OF TIME ON THE SOO GOES INTO EFFECT SUNDAY, JULY 12. THE LIMITED WILL LEAVE FOR THE WEST MUCH LATER, AND GOING EAST ALSO WILL LEAVE MINNEAPOLIS LATER.

THE SOO LINE HAS ON ANOTHER FREIGHT CUT ON THEIR RATES TO THE SEABOARD FROM MINNEAPOLIS. THE OTHER LOADS WHICH ALL WENT AT THE APPRAISED VALUE. THE BRISTOL MILL SITE WAS BID IN FOR \$1000 BY THE SOO LUMBER CO.

MR. E. R. BRISTOL, HOWARD ROBBINS, JR., THE THREE LOTS NEXT TO HIS MILL, FOR \$3,500. OISON & McKEEIGHEN TOOK THREE LOTS NORTH OF THEIR HOME. DAVID JENNINGS TID IN ALL THE GRILL LOTS ABOVE HOWARD ROBBINS, JR., ALSO THE 5 AND 8 OF THE PROPERTY. G. S. COON, OLDER WORLD, 16 LOTS ALONG THE SOO RAILROAD JACKET THE SOO LINE.

DAVID JENNINGS HAS TAKEN THE AGENCEY FOR THE AMERICAN NO. 7 SEWING MACHINE. HE HAS SEVERAL ON EXHIBITION IN HIS JEWELRY STORE AND INVITES THE LADIES TO CALL AND INSPECT THEM. THE PRICE IS SATISFACTORY AND THE MACHINE UNEXCEDED.

AT A MEETING OF THE ADVANCEMENT ASSOCIATION HELD MONDAY EVENING IT WAS DECIDED TO PURCHASE A NUMBER OF WATER RESERVE LOTS ON THE NORTH SIDE ALONG THE SOO LINE, IN ORDER TO HAVE THEM TO OFFER EITHER THE SOO COMPANY FOR DIVISION GROUNDS OR TO GIVE SOME FACTORY FOR A SITE. G. S. COON BID THEM IN AT THEIR APPRAISED VALUE YESTERDAY.

W. F. BEERS' "HONEST JIM" TROTTED IN THE FREE FOR ALL AT ANTIGO THE 4TH. HE WENT IN 2:37 BUT DID NOT GET NEAR THE FRONT. HARRY MEDIUM, THE Wausau horse which won the race, can go in 20. SYLVANUS KELLY'S COLT TOOK SECOND MONEY IN THE THREE MINUTE RACE AGAINST AN OLD RINGER THAT COULD GO IN LESS THAN 10. THOSE WHO WENT FROM HERE ARE NOT OVER ENTHUSIASTIC WITH REGARD TO THE MANNER IN WHICH ANTIGO RUNS ITS CELEBRATION AND HORSE TROTS.

For Genuine Bargains

GO TO

JEWELL & BASTIAN'S.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

FRESH FRUITS & VEGETABLES,

Creamery and Dairy Butter,

Hay, Feed, Flour, Oats, Etc

JOHN B. SHELL,
THE TAILOR.

The Finest Line of Suitings in the City.

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder.

BROWN STREET,

Rhineland, - Wis.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Rhineland Hospital.

RHINELANDER - WIS

A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION.

FOR \$6.00 YOUR DOCTOR'S BILL, NURSING AND BOARD IS PAID, AND A HOME PROVIDED YOU IN CASE OF SICKNESS OR INJURY, DURING THE PERIOD OF ONE YEAR. NO MAN WITHOUT A HOME CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT A TICKET ON THIS HOSPITAL. WE WILL TAKE PLEASURE IN SHOWING YOU THROUGH THE HOSPITAL AT ANY TIME.

T. B. MCINDOE, Resident Surgeon.



Central Market, STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH AND GAME.

OUR CUSTOMERS CAN RELY UPON SECURING GOOD FRESH MEAT, FAIR TREATMENT AND LOW PRICES AS IT CAN BE SOLD FOR. WE SOLICIT A SHARE OF THE CITY TRADE.

Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IX—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Etc.

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

CARRY A FULL STOCK OF THE BEST MAKE OF WATCHES IN THE BEST GOLD AND SILVER CASES AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Store in Faust's Block.

Rhineland, Wisconsin

Cherries, Currants, Blueberries, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Now is the time to buy to can, Go to Reed's, will tell you all about it. Fruits best quality.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, W. SCONSIN.

Epitome of the Week.

INTERESTING NEWS COMPILATION.

FROM WASHINGTON.

In United States the visible supply of grain on the 24th ult. was: Wheat, 15,599,286 bushels; corn, 4,834,341 bushels; oats, 3,656,285.

The state department has received official notice of the death on June 3 of Alexander Clark, United States minister to Liberia.

Niws was received that the congress of Venezuela had responded favorably to the reciprocity provision of the United States tariff act of 1890.

A census bureau bulletin shows that the number of schools for the blind in the United States in 1890 was 2,461, while in 1890 the number was 3,011.

The appointment of Mark W. Harrington, a professor in the university of Michigan, as chief of the government weather bureau was announced.

In the United States the business failures for the last six months show an increase of 351, as compared with the total of the first half of 1890, the totals being 6,036 for 1890 and 5,686 for 1890.

The failures for 1890 were 891, 270,252, against 867,867,461 for 1890; assets for 1890, \$18,295,956, against 8,307,025,110 for 1890.

The arrivals of immigrants in this country reached 15,411,588. The arrivals from 1871 to 1890 were 81,290,957, or 51.32 per cent, of the total arrivals from 1823 to 1890. The only leading countries from which arrivals have fallen off during the past ten years are France and China. Of the arrivals during the ten years from 1881 to 1890, 3,205,911 were males and 2,910,073 were females. The greater portion of females came from Ireland.

The statement of the public debt issued on the 1st showed the total debt to be \$1,065,675,236 cash in the treasury, \$16,864,982 debt less cash in the treasury, \$1,549,996,531. Decrease during June, \$1,218,006. Decrease since June 30, 1890, \$1,205,810.

CENSUS report shows that the total value of the mineral products of the United States at the eleventh census amounted to \$96,088,450, the greatest total ever reported for any country.

The number of industrial mining establishment, was given at 30,920. The number of persons employed in mining industries 521,114. The annual wages paid them aggregate \$21,496,800. The capital employed in mining operations was \$1,175,000,000.

The mineral industry statistics of Cuba for the last ten years show an average production and export of 550,000 tons, 20 per cent, of which came to the United States.

The president has issued a proclamation granting the privilege of copyright in this country to the citizens of Great Britain, France, Belgium and Switzerland.

The latest edition report shows that the movement into sight during June was 163,338 miles, exceeding all records for that month. The total amount of the cotton crop market for the ten months from September to June inclusive was 8,493,313 miles.

It was decided at a cabinet meeting to extend the 4½ per cent. bonds at 2 per cent.

The president has appointed William E. Simmons of Connecticut, commissary of patents.

The exchanges at the leading clearing-houses in the United States during the week ended on the 4th aggregated \$1,020,332,421, against \$946,636,630 the previous week. As compared with the corresponding week of 1890 the decrease amounted to 11.3.

The business failures in the United States during the seven days ended on the 3rd numbered 275, against 231 the previous week and 290 for the corresponding week last year.

THE EAST.

At a Christian church sociable at Brighton, N. Y., forty-five persons were poisoned by ice cream and Rev. Mr. Braum, rector of the Episcopal church, and two ladies died and all the others were in a critical condition.

JEALOUSY caused John Raasch to kill his sweetheart, Maria Burekoff, and then himself at Lawrence, Mass.

The boiler of an engine near White Haven, Pa., exploded, killing Engineer Thomas Tripp, Fireman J. Pope and Brakeman Gallagher and Smith.

JOHN STURM and Miss Mary Dawson, of Franklin, Ky., were thrown from a buggy and killed.

At Farmington, W. Va., fourteen persons were killed and forty-eight injured, several fatally, by the two car coaches of an express train plunging through a trestle 35 feet high.

On the 1st Henry Barnes of Quincy, Minn., who had slept almost incessantly for sixteen years, awoke from his沉睡.

JOHN TILLEY's team ran away at Boone, Ind., and Tilley, his wife and child were instantly killed.

In St. Mary's county, Md., J. B. Lamb of Boston, and W. J. Holden and J. Walters of New York, scholars of Woodstock college, were killed by lightning and five in most death in the same manner at Fernandino, Fla.

A fast express train on the New York, Lake Erie & Western railway was run into while standing at the depot at Bayview, O., by a fast freight train and nineteen persons were killed and twenty-three badly injured. Carelessness of a brakeman was the cause.

NIKAN GATESBURG, Ill., two young men named Kuhn of Roseville, and Thomas of Gatesburg were drowned while boat racing.

Find destroyed four blocks of buildings at Lagrange, Orie, the loss being \$10,000.

A storm swept over the entire Texas coast and over a dozen sailors were drowned. Galveston was partially submerged and several buildings were washed away.

WILLIAM HENKESY and C. J. Jones were killed in a balloon accident near Linton, O., and at Elyria, O., Miles Zeeby Bentley fell from a balloon and was dashed to pieces.

In a drunken row between white and negro miners at Sumter, Ala., one negro was killed and five others fatally injured.

A census office bulletin gives the population of Nevada at 15,561, a decrease of 10,565 since 1890. The population of Idaho is shown to be \$18,556, which is an increase during the decade of 51,755.

In the National league the percentages of the baseball clubs for the week ended on the 4th were: New York, 51½; Chicago, 58½; Boston, 55½; Philadelphia, 50; Cleveland, 43½; Brooklyn, 43½; Pittsburgh, 40; Cincinnati, 35. The percentages of clubs in the American association were: Boston, 60½; St. Louis, 63½; Baltimore, 50½; Columbus, 43½; Cincinnati, 46½; Athletic, 41½; Louisville, 38½; Washington, 33½.

LAID WASTE BY HAIL.

Farmers in North Dakota lose thousands of acres of growing crops—Wind and ice cause much damage in town and Missouri—Bad storms abroad.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 3.—A terrible hailstorm visited Ramsey and Sargent counties, N. D., Thursday afternoon. The storm commenced its work of destruction a short distance southwest of Elliott, Ramsey county, and traveled in a southeasterly direction, completely ruining thousands of acres of growing crops. The damage in Sargent county is confined to Milner, Hamline and Ramsey townships, but a deplorable condition of affairs is reported from Ramsey county. The storm varied in width from 4 miles at the starting point to about 1 mile, where it stopped in Ramsey township, this county. The hailstones were of large size and covered the ground to a depth of several inches. Among the heavy losses in Ramsey county are Harry Oliver, a member of the last legislature, and Mr. Church, who lives just across the line from Sargent, in Ramsey county. The loss will reach many thousands of dollars. The total loss in Sargent county is placed at 2,500 acres of crops and in Ramsey county at \$4,000.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 3.—Dispatches received at Kansas City from Blairstown state a heavy rain and windstorm swept over that town Wednesday night and did serious damage. Several houses were blown down and several persons were injured, though not badly. The depot, a large, substantial frame building at Landis station on the Kansas City, Oseola & Southern railway, was blown off its foundation and seriously damaged. The rain was a terrific one and the low lands are covered with water.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., July 3.—Wednesday evening about 9 o'clock a most terrible hail-storm visited the southwestern portion of this county. For a distance of about 10 miles long and 4 to 6 miles wide the crops are totally destroyed. Corn fields are as barren as the road. Hay is pounded into the ground. Not a green blade of any sort is left. In some localities the hail was from 8 to 10 inches deep. Following this was a blinding rain and windstorm which added greatly to the disaster.

BOONE, Ia., July 3.—Latest reports from the scene of the storm Wednesday night in Audubon and Shelby counties increase the damage to the crops. The hail-storm covered a much larger area than at first supposed and totally ruined many fields of wheat, oats and rye. The track of the cyclone at Gray, Audubon county, is about half a mile wide and tore up everything in its path. No fatalities are reported.

FATAL STORMS ABROAD.

BERLIN, July 3.—A terrible tornado swept over the Crefeld district of Rhine-Prussia. In the town of Crefeld booths and a hall which had been erected for the purposes of a rifle meeting, together with fifty houses, were destroyed. Many persons have been killed and injured, but how many is not definitely known. Trees, telegraph poles and wires are prostrated, while houses, sign boards, and awnings were hurled through the air with incredible force. Soldiers, policemen and firemen are engaged in removing the debris, and it is feared that the number of those killed will be found to be very great.

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THE OCTOPOON

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MRS. M. E. BRADDON.

boy to watch the slumbering child. It was six years after the death of Olympia when the stern father's heart first relented to his orphan child.

He would see her—even though the spirit of his lost Olympia seemed to rise from the grave, and gaze at him, out of the eyes of Camilla. The little girl was asleep upon a grassy bank.

She awoke at the sound of the Spaniard's footsteps, and uttered a scream of terror.

The loneliness of her life had made her timid.

"You are not frightened at me, are you, Camilla?"

"Yes! You screamed when I first saw you! It is a strange welcome for your father, Camilla."

"Father? Are you my father?"

"Yes, my Camilla, will you love me?"

"Will you?" answered the child quietly.

Don Juan clasped his child close to his breast.

"I have a playfellow here," said the child, pointing to the young negro.

"Tristan is no fit playfellow for my little Camilla. Tristan is a slave."

The young negro heard every word.

"A slave," he muttered, as Don Juan led the child toward the house. "A slave! Yes, I have been told that often enough!"

A week after this, Camilla, the nurse, Pepita, Zarah, and the boy, Tristan, were removed to the Villa Moráquitos, in the suburbs of New Orleans.

Camilla was now under the care of a governess, a French woman, Mademoiselle Pauline Corsi. This lady took no pleasure in the antics of Tristan—so he seldom saw Camilla.

It was in the depth of the brief winter when the brother-in-law of Don Juan Moráquitos arrived at the villa.

He was the only surviving relative of the Spaniard's dead wife, her older brother, who died by her, but he who had forced upon her the marriage with his friend, Don Juan. His name was Tomás Carillo.

He had come from Mexico on a tour through the United States, and had arrived at New Orleans—to die.

Yes; the hand of death was upon him!

Three days after he expired in the arms of his brother-in-law.

Half an hour before he died he became conscious, and implored Don Juan to send for an attorney. It was necessary that he should make a will.

The attorney sent for by the Spaniard was no other than Silas Craig.

On the reading of the will it was found that Don Tomás had left his entire fortune to his brother-in-law, Don Juan. But Don Tomás had not come to the villa alone. He had brought a boy—about 8 years of age. He was named Paul.

This Paul was a handsome boy. None knew whence he came, or who he was.

Camilla was the only one from whom he would take comfort.

"My child, come hither," said the Spaniard, one day, addressing Paul.

"Tell me your proper name—besides Paul!"

"They call me Paul Lishman."

"Lishman it shall be."

"Do you remember your mother?"

"She died when I was a baby, and I always lived with my father, Don Tomás."

"Do not fear, my child, your future will be my care," and Paul Lishman was brought up in the household of the Spaniard. Camilla and Paul taking lessons side by side, from Mademoiselle Pauline Corsi.

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5:30 P. M. Vespers every alternate Sunday at

8:30 P. M. Father JULY, Pastor.

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Sunday School..... 12:00 P. M.

Song and Prayer Service..... 4:00 P. M.

Public Service and Sermon..... 7:30 P. M.

TUESDAY.

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WISCONSIN.

THE TRUNDLE-BED VALLEY.

I knew a little valley, in among the mountains,
A trundle-bed for Natur's babies with grass green coverlid,
All buttoned down 'till tulips, an' all trimm'd with dandelion,
A crib for Natur's child, like me to talkle to and kiss.

I love to watch the coverlid swayed with the lily's stem,
At' the trout brook is 't blidin' that carves way 'round its hem,
When the burden is too heavy for my heart an' han' 'n' head,
I just choke down my throb, sobs an' seeking my trundle-bed.

Four big mountains are its bed-posts, an' down through it awning high,
The sun shines like a broad' pin in the blazin' of the sky,
An' it shines so warm an' glisty where my coverlid is spread,
They don't need any candle when I seek my trundle-bed.

Mother Natur' loves her children, so the good of soul has spread Tiger-striped bed-quilts over my big trundle-bed;
An' to see her frosty youngster no excuse for bed-covers,
She has studded a lacy pillow with the softest kind of moss.

So, when I torn an' crev'd, do my weary foot-steps tread
Up the puffy-water valley to my little trundle-bed,
Mother Natur' holds her face down, and she seems to love me so,
They I rise and toddle bravely all the way to go!

S. W. Foss, in *Yankee Blade*.

A NOVEL DEFENSE.

How a Frightened Girl Saved the China Bank.

YES, it was rather a novel defense, and the strangest part of it is that she never thought of using it as such.

Alice Weston lived in an old-fashioned country house, built some five or six miles distant from another habitation. Her

mother, being old-fashioned, too, always retired to bed at nine o'clock; her brother and his wife did the same, and generally she was the last waking thing about the place.

On this particular night Alice was sitting before the half-burned embers of the parlor fire, after all the rest had retired, leisurely combing her long, black hair, and dreaming as maidens will, of anything and everything.

The room was in a sort of lurid darkness, illuminated now and again by transient dashes of light from a bank of unburned coal at the very back of the grate, which now and again sent up sprays of white flame to play upon the warm, red window curtains, and the dark tablecloth, and the crimson wall paper.

Everything glowed red in the room save one small white mound in the corner beside a wide sofa, and Alice knew that to be Baby Weston's little cradle, where he generally spent his days kicking or vocally employed while his mother pursued her usual household avocations.

Baby Weston was now, of course, sleeping upstairs, and the cradle was empty.

When Alice had dreamed to her heart's content, and was preparing to leave the room, it suddenly occurred to her to gather up the glowing heap of coals into the shovel and carry them up to her own bedroom stove, as the night was chilly.

She proceeded to do so, and raised the sulphurous pyramid in her hand.

As she elevated the shovel a bright flame burst all over the top of the pile,

and for an instant the whole room was illuminated by it.

In that instant Alice, looking by chance toward the cradle, thought she saw a second white object in the corner. She lowered the shovel so that the flames might escape up the chimney, and looked more carefully.

Assuredly there was something white beside the cradle—something surely not there a few minutes ago!

Alice's heart, which was as timid as that of a hare, began to beat very fast. What could it be? Had they forgotten

THE SMUGGLER'S RUSE.

How He Turned Informer in Order to Deceive the Customs Officers.

"Madam," he said to the buxom-looking lady passenger with whom he had conversed quite often during the trip across the "big pond," as he consulted his watch and then looked steadily at her, "madam, in less than ten minutes we shall be at the custom house."

A spasm, a flicker of guilt from within, glances over her countenance.

"You look like a very kind-hearted man, sir," she stammered.

He bowed and tried to look more so in order to invite her confidence.

"If I were to tell you a secret," she continued, "which I find too much to keep to myself, would you, oh, would you keep it inviolate?"

"I know it already, my dear madam," said he. "It's lace, is it not?"

She uttered a little shriek and then looked wildly and suspiciously at him.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "it's only ten pounds' worth. Please forgive me just this once, and I'll never attempt to smuggle again. As it is I wish I were dead."

"My dear madam," he returned, kindly but firmly, "here we are and the officer has his eye upon us. I must do my duty."

Then he pointed out the buxom lady to the legitimate authority, saw her fined and dismissed with a sharp reprimand after the lace had been taken away from her. Then, having given up his eminence as an informer to the subordinate officials, he quietly followed the lady to her hotel, gave her back twice the value of that she had lost, returned the amount of her fine and explained the matter as follows:

"You, my dear madam, had ten pounds' worth of smuggled lace secreted about your person. I had nearly fifty times that amount, so I turned in informer to ward off suspicion from myself. You have too expressive a countenance for a smuggler and the officer would have detected you anyway, even as I did, without my assistance. And now, madam," he continued, "if you are not satisfied with this explanation of my conduct, or if you still feel aggrieved or injured by what I have done, pray take more lace, for here is lots of it."

It is needless to say that the buxom lady was satisfied and before the two smugglers parted they were the best of friends.—*Merchant Traveler*.

A negro in Oglethorpe county, Ga., has paid \$35 a year for the use of a \$300 mule for the last seventeen years, paying in all \$425 rent for the mule, which is still in good condition.

the intruder had crawled under the sofa until the family should have retired, and fallen asleep, and, doubtless, the noise she had made in putting the coals on the stove had awakened him. Of course he would arise and make an end of her, and then carry off the spoil, and her afflicted, bereft and beggared relatives would find in the morning a bleeding piece of clay.

"For Heaven's sake, let me off," gasped the monster, breaking in upon her sad reverie, "and I'll never try the like again."

With the blue flames flickering upon her white set face, and the red candle dropping unheeded, the puissant avenger moved back, and the man crawled out from his hiding-place and gathered himself up.

When Alice saw the size of him, was at least six feet) she would have got into a nutshell had it been within the bounds of possibility; but she could only gaze up at him, her eyes wide and astounded, the shovel unconsciously clutched in her hand.

"Show me the way out, am' am," muttered the robber, "and on my Bible oath I'll not lay hand on the value of a pin's point."

Urged to flight by the impetus of great fear, the panic-stricken captor moved among the dusky furniture as if her legs worked by galvanism and the panic-stricken captive slouched close beside her, his eyes bulging at every sound, the drops of perspiration streaming from his forehead.

Also the sulphurous smoke, which now plentifully wafted backward in his nostrils from that shovel, caused such an insupportable tickling throat that it required much caution to avoid loud and fatal sneezing.

Through the long, draughty hall where the boards creaked appallingly beneath their tread, these two timid ones passed, and reached the locked front door, and while Alice gazed up

at the sulphurous smoke, which now plentifully wafted backward in his nostrils from that shovel, caused such an insupportable tickling throat that it required much caution to avoid loud and fatal sneezing.

Alice Weston lived in an old-fashioned country house, built some five or six miles distant from another habitation. Her

mother, being old-fashioned, too, always retired to bed at nine o'clock; her brother and his wife did the same, and generally she was the last waking thing about the place.

On this particular night Alice was sitting before the half-burned embers of the parlor fire, after all the rest had retired, leisurely combing her long, black hair, and dreaming as maidens will, of anything and everything.

The room was in a sort of lurid darkness, illuminated now and again by transient dashes of light from a bank of unburned coal at the very back of the grate, which now and again sent up sprays of white flame to play upon the warm, red window curtains, and the dark tablecloth, and the crimson wall paper.

Everything glowed red in the room save one small white mound in the corner beside a wide sofa, and Alice knew that to be Baby Weston's little cradle, where he generally spent his days kicking or vocally employed while his mother pursued her usual household avocations.

Baby Weston was now, of course, sleeping upstairs, and the cradle was empty.

When Alice had dreamed to her heart's content, and was preparing to leave the room, it suddenly occurred to her to gather up the glowing heap of coals into the shovel and carry them up to her own bedroom stove, as the night was chilly.

She proceeded to do so, and raised the sulphurous pyramid in her hand.

As she elevated the shovel a bright flame burst all over the top of the pile,

and for an instant the whole room was illuminated by it.

In that instant Alice, looking by chance toward the cradle, thought she saw a second white object in the corner. She lowered the shovel so that the flames might escape up the chimney, and looked more carefully.

A spasm, a flicker of guilt from within, glances over her countenance.

"You look like a very kind-hearted man, sir," she stammered.

He bowed and tried to look more so in order to invite her confidence.

"If I were to tell you a secret," she continued, "which I find too much to keep to myself, would you, oh, would you keep it inviolate?"

"I know it already, my dear madam," said he. "It's lace, is it not?"

She uttered a little shriek and then looked wildly and suspiciously at him.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "it's only ten pounds' worth. Please forgive me just this once, and I'll never attempt to smuggle again. As it is I wish I were dead."

"My dear madam," he returned, kindly but firmly, "here we are and the officer has his eye upon us. I must do my duty."

Then he pointed out the buxom lady to the legitimate authority, saw her fined and dismissed with a sharp reprimand after the lace had been taken away from her. Then, having given up his eminence as an informer to the subordinate officials, he quietly followed the lady to her hotel, gave her back twice the value of that she had lost, returned the amount of her fine and explained the matter as follows:

"You, my dear madam, had ten pounds' worth of smuggled lace secreted about your person. I had nearly fifty times that amount, so I turned in informer to ward off suspicion from myself. You have too expressive a countenance for a smuggler and the officer would have detected you anyway, even as I did, without my assistance. And now, madam," he continued, "if you are not satisfied with this explanation of my conduct, or if you still feel aggrieved or injured by what I have done, pray take more lace, for here is lots of it."

It is needless to say that the buxom lady was satisfied and before the two smugglers parted they were the best of friends.—*Merchant Traveler*.

A negro in Oglethorpe county, Ga., has paid \$35 a year for the use of a \$300 mule for the last seventeen years, paying in all \$425 rent for the mule, which is still in good condition.

In Hard Luck.

In a Texas Town.

Stranger—My friend, you seem to be in trouble.

Man—Yes, I am, master; but you can't do anything for me.

Stranger—What's the matter?

Man—Well, you see, the sheriff arrested me last week for theft, but there is only one bed in the jail and he wants that himself. The truth of it is, stranger, I've no place to stay nights.—Judge.

A Good Reason.

Little Johnny Fizzletop had the habit of walking up every night and demanding something to eat. At last his mother said to him:

"Look here, Johnny, I never want to eat anything in the night."

"Well, I don't think I can much eat anything either in the night if I kept my teeth in a mug of water."—Texas Sittings.

What Could She Mean?

She—My dear husband, I do wish you wouldn't get your hair cut so short. It looks like a reflection upon my temper.

He—Well, my brother insists upon it, saying it is conducive to happiness among married men.

She—It may be among men, but it is very unsatisfactory to a married woman.—N. Y. Herald.

ANCIENT HISTORY.



Miss Passed—I was born just after the war.

Sadic—Which war—the rebellion or the revolution?—Jury.

Good Men Not Needed.

Stranger—I should think such an enterprising, public-spirited citizen as Mr. Goodman would be nominated for some important office in this community.

Politician—He'd run well, but we don't need him.

Don't need him?

"No. We're always sure of a big majority, anyhow."—N. Y. Weekly.

Whit to Be a Mother to Dim.

Immature but Ardent Lover—I will not be trifled with any longer, Maud Spooner! Will you marry me? Yes or no?

Mature but Unscrupulous Damsel (with anxious concern)—Harry, have you had the whooping cough and been vaccinated yet?—Chicago Tribune.

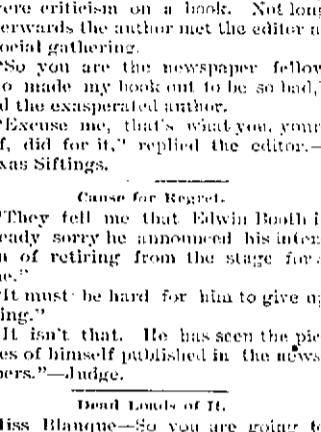
City the Satisfied Woman.

The Singular Girl—My only ambition is to write a book.

The Practical Girl—Well, why don't you write one, then?

The Singular Girl—Why, if I did, I shouldn't have any ambition left, world wide!—Munsey's Weekly.

ABRAMS WAS SATISFIED.



Here, Abrams, look at this suit of clothes you sold me yesterday!

What's the matter of 'em? I sold 'em to you half off for cash, didn't I?

Yes.

Well, I've got her cash, and close is half off, ain't it? What more do you want?

Confused He Suited.

Wool—My cook left to-day, in spite of all I could do.

Van Pelt—What was the trouble?

Wool—The children annoyed her. I offered to kill the children, but she was afraid the authorities would detain her as a witness.—Jury.

Free to Hop.

"May I hope?" he asked, after his seventeenth rejection.

"Yes," she replied, "you may."

"Because—" he said, pleadingly.

"Because," she responded, earnestly, "this is a free country."—Washington Post.

Very Strange.

Sunday-School Teacher (finishing the narration)—And that is the story of Jonah and the whale.

Johnny Cimso—Isn't it strange they knew what a Jonah was that long ago?—Jury.

Precept and Practice.

Mrs. Benson—How was your play received?

Benson—Well, sir, the crowd laughed itself sore.

Watson—Ah! I didn't know it was a tragedy.—Judge.

Not a Book Lover.

Papa—Well, Jack, what book have you found most valuable this year?

Jack (thoughtfully).—To tell you the truth, father, I lost on every book I made.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Proven Disproved.

"They say that time is money; but I don't believe it."



male wren frequently builds what are called "cock-nests." It is simply so full of life and joy and of the propagating instinct that after the real nest is completed and while the eggs are being laid it gives vent to itself in constructing these sham or cock-nests. I have found the nest of the marsh wren surrounded by half a dozen or more of these make-believers. The gushing, ecstatic nature of the bird expresses itself in this way.

I have myself known but one instance of a bird lending a hand in feeding young not its own. This instance is to be set down to the credit of a te-



NEST OF THE HUMMING BIRD.

male English sparrow. A little "chippe" had on her hands a task of supplying the wants of that horse-leech, a young cow-bunting. The sparrow looked on from its perch a few yards away, and when the chipping was off looking up food, it would now and then bring something and place it in the beak of the clamorous bunting. I think the "chippe" appreciated its good offices. Certainly its dusky foster child did. This bird, when young, seems the most greedy of all fledglings. It cries "More," "More," incessantly. When its foster parent is a small bird like "chippe" or one of the warblers, one would think it would swallow its parent when food is brought it. I suppose a similar spectacle is witnessed in England when the cuckoo is brought up by a smaller bird, as is always the case. Sings the fool in turn:

"The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had head off by its young."
Last season I saw a cow-bunting fully growing following a "chippe" sparrow

about chumming for food, and was looking large enough to bite off and swallow the head of its parent, and apparently hungry enough to do it. The "chippe" was evidently trying to shake it off and let it shift for itself. So it avoided it and flew from point to point to escape it. Its life was probably made wretched by the greedy monster it had unwittingly reared.

JOHN BURROUGHS

Finding a "Mare's Nest." The origin of the expression "to find a mare's nest" has been traced to the days of the early Saxons. What we call a night-mare was by our forefathers supposed to be the Saxon demon Mara or Mare, a kind of vampire, which caused the incubus by sitting on the sleeper's chest. The Mare vampires were said to be the guardians of hidden treasures, over which they were supposed to brood as hens do over their eggs, and the place where they sat was termed *Hera's nodus* or nest. Hence, when anyone announced that he had made an extraordinary discovery, someone accused him of finding a mare's nest, or the place where the vampire kept guard over her hypothetical treasures.

An Electric Wonder.

Thomas A. Edison when asked if he had an electric novelty in store for the Columbian exposition, said: "I have a thing in view, but the details are yet somewhat hazy. My intention is to have such a happy combination of photography and electricity that a man can sit in his own parlor and see depicted upon a curtain the forms of the players in opera upon a distant stage and to hear the voices of the singers. When the system is perfected, little will be in time for the fair, each little muscle of the singer's face will be seen to work, every color of his or her attire will be exactly reproduced and the stride and positions will be as natural as those of the live characters."

A Ready Debater.

Fond Uncle-Jack, you extravagant rascal, I'll cut you off without a shilling.

Jack (the moonlighter)—All the more reason for letting me have the five hundred now.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Matter of Necessity.

I don't see how you make your patients obey you, doctor. A man who is fond of high living never will diet.

"He can't help himself, madam. When he has paid my bill he has to reduce his living."—Harper's Bazaar.

The Best of Reasons.

Ringway—I heard the other day that your friend, Splinter, had left the stage. What was the trouble?

Featherstone—Principally, I believe, because the audience didn't want him to stay.—Jury.

Poor Travers:

Silks—Ah, there's Miss Van Wyck. She's off to Europe to-morrow.

Dolph—And there's Travers after her. How about their engagement?

Silks—That's off, too.—Jury.

An Unexpected Novel.

Mrs. Splinter—The city water company has raised my rates.

Old Borden—They must have found out that we have salt mackerel for breakfast.—N. Y. Weekly.

TALKING CANARIES.

Feathered Pals that Learned the Language of their Proud Owners.

It seems almost incredible that a canary could be taught to speak; nevertheless, there have been well authenticated cases in which this, seemingly impossible feat has been accomplished.

The most notable instance was that of a canary exhibited in London in 1858, and it had a most remarkable history. Its parents had previously successfully reared several broods, but in the early part of the year in question hatched out but one of four eggs. Strange to say, they entirely neglected the little one, and immediately rebuilt a nest over it. The owners of the birds accidentally discovered this fact, and removed the forsaken one almost dead. It was placed in flame by the fire, and after the greatest attention was restored and raised by hand. The fact of its being treated in this manner, separated from all other birds, caused it to become very familiar with its foster parents and its first singing notes were entirely different from those uttered by the ordinary canaries. Being continually addressed in endearing terms by its mistress, it astonished her one day by suddenly repeating the words "Kissel kissel!" This became an everyday occurrence, and from time to time other terms were added to the vocabulary. For hours together, except during the molting season, this extraordinary bird would call out in tones almost as clear as if uttered by a human voice such sentences as "Dear sweet Titchie!"—the name given it by its mistress—"Miss Minnie!" "Kiss me, dear Minnie!" "Kissie! kissie! kissie! sweet little Titchie!" "Wee, gee, gee, Titchie sweet Titchie!" It also developed a game for whistling, the first bar of "God Save the Queen" being its favorite air.

Another talking canary is said to have been exhibited in London in 1858, but all authorities agree that it was in no way equal to the one described.

Gray, the noted poet, gives a very minute account of a canary owned by a woman who kept a coffee house in Pall Mall, London, and states that this bird could whistle no less than twenty different tunes.

The noted Lady Sandwich was a great lover of birds and hearing of the wonderful performances of this canary became very anxious to possess it. She accordingly deputized her friend Lord Peterborough to purchase it. He presented to the coffee house and made overtures to the owner, offering a large sum of money for her feathered pet. The woman steadfastly refused, saying she was well-to-do, and would not part with it under any circumstances.

Peterborough, during the conversation, watched the bird with the greatest attention, and took note of all its marks and other distinguishing features. Seeing his errand was a fruitless one, he determined to compass his end by deceit, and after a long search succeeded in purchasing a bird which was a counterpart of the one coveted. Shortly after the first interview he sauntered into the coffee-house, and when a favorable opportunity presented itself slipped the wrong bird into the cage, the right one into his pocket, and hastened to Lady Sandwich's domicile. This was about the time of the revolution, and many months later he dropped into the coffee-house, and seeing the substituted bird still hanging in its accustomed place, remarked to the proprietor:

"Alas, my dear woman, I guess you have often regretted your refusal of the money I offered you for that bird."

"Money!" exclaimed the old lady; "no, ten times that amount would now persuade me to part with the dear little creature! Why, if your lordship will believe me, as sure as I'm a Christian, it's a fact that the poor bird has moped and never once opened its pretty lips since the day that the poor king went away!"

It is almost needless to state that his lordship did not disabuse her mind of this notion and she probably died in the belief of the remarkable feat of her pet.—Detroit Free Press.

ANCIENT BOOKS.

Volumes Studied with Gums and Glue.

Enormous Sums of Money.

Through that long dark stretch of a thousand years lying between the fifth and fifteenth centuries the greatest luxuries were books. So costly were they that it was next to impossible for any but the richest to procure such expensive treasures, the more's the pity, since but inches of information, so to speak, remain to tell the story of their worth and the tale of wonderful grandeur, both binding and ornamentation revealing the peculiarly rich and varied handicraft then in vogue.

Much of the transcribing of the period was done by residents of religious houses, boards of hard wood, over which leather was stretched, inclosed these precious treasures, and further protection by metallic corner pieces and massive clasps preserved the leaves from injury.

Literary treasures intended for royal households and ecclesiastical dignitaries, and copies for churches and monasteries, had side ensigns of ivory on which appropriate subjects were carved in silver, of quaint fretwork pattern, and otherwise distinctively honored by the addition of gold plaques, studded with gems and jewels. Both sets and single volumes were carefully inclosed in boxes no less expensive than were the brilliant bindings.

In the British museum may be seen an eighth century relic, and in this case the binding are inclosed the St. Cuthbert Gospels and MSS., written in gold, of velvet intermingled with silver. Loops of baby-ribbon edge the V front of the bodice and are set in many rows at the top, making a ruche. A band of the ribbon insertion laid upon many silk passes just back of each armhole, and comes down the front to meet in a point at the shirring. The very large sleeves drop from the top, and are close on the forearm, where they are banded with the ribbon trimmings. The straight skirt has five rows of insertion down the front and sides, and is mounted on a foundation of narrow silk with pinked flounces at the foot.

White dotted lavers have designs of fruits and leaves, one especially gay having clusters of red cherries with their dark green leaves. Other lavers, with China blue inch stripes alternating with pink stripes, are trimmed with white point d'esprit lace used as bretelles on the bodice and as insertions in ruffles that form a coat ruff and flounces on the skirt.

Watercolor designs of baskets of flowers in the bow-knot patterns on new India silks, gauzes and nets—pink nets and lace for flounces as well. Baskets of roses and forget-me-nots are overturning on cream white silks, the flowers strewing the light ground, violets and carnations are banded in yellow silks on black India silks. Jetted baskets embroidered in fine net heads are on thin-meshed black nets, while heavier nets have the basket design woven in them.—Harper's Bazaar.

Natty House JACKETS.

Pretty and stylish house jackets are very similar to the Louis coats. They have a curved seam over the hips to which are applied gathered flounces of lace or long loops of wide ribbon. The deep turn-down collar is edged with narrow lace and frills of the same fall over the hand from the wrists of the mutton-leg sleeves. When ribbon is used for the flounces the cuffs and the collar are trimmed with rows of baby ribbon stitched flat on the goods. The jacket fits the figure, but has one dart and an under-arm seam.—Chicago Post.

"I'd be glad to have you marry Harold, my dear," said Ethel's father, gravely. "If I thought he was a young man of pertinacity, I do not think he has what we call stickitiveness." "Oh, yes, he has. He proposed nine times before I accepted him," returned Ethel.—Harper's Bazaar.

An Unexpected Novel.

Mrs. Splinter—The city water company has raised my rates.

Old Borden—They must have found out that we have salt mackerel for breakfast.—N. Y. Weekly.

DOMESTIC CO. CRINC.

Rye Cakes: Pour two tablespoons of flour, four tablespoons of rye flour, one pint of milk, two eggs. Bake in gumpaste.—Good Housekeeping.

—For severe hemorrhage from the nose, try holding the arms of the patient up over the head for five minutes at a time. A small piece of ice wrapped in muslin and laid directly over the top of the nose, will usually give relief.

Brown Flower: This is very useful to thicken gravy and give it a brown color. Put your flour into a pan, and set it over a moderate fire, stir it all the time till it is brown, stir it not let it scorch, as it will congeal and give an unpleasant taste to the gravy. When it is cool put it in a jar for future use.—Boston Budget.

—For pine apple ice peel one ripe juicy pineapple and shred it with a fork; pour over it one pint of white sugar; stir well together and let it stand one hour and a half; mash the mixture and strain off the juice through a wire strainer; add one pint of water and the juice of one orange just before freezing.—N. Y. World.

Ginger Pudding: One cup butter, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, four eggs, one ounce ground ginger, one teaspoonful baking powder, two cups flour. Sift baking powder with the flour and add other ingredients to form a batter. Pour into a dish and steam over boiling water until dry and spongy. Place in the oven till perfectly dry and serve with butter sauce.—Detroit Free Press.

Velvet Cakes: Three cupsfuls of sugar; one cupful of butter, beaten to a cream; add the whites and yolks of six eggs, beaten separately and thoroughly; two tablespoonsful of sweet milk; one-half teaspoon cream tartar; one-quarter teaspoon soda, or one teaspoonful baking powder, sifted with one package of corn-starch; one teaspoonful lemon-juice. Bake in cup-cake pans.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Spanish Butter: To a wine-glassful of rosewater add half an ounce of isinglass and six bitter almonds blanched and sliced; let it stand by the fire for an hour, then add half a pint of cream, the yolks of three beaten eggs and half a cupful of sugar; cook carefully until thick, then stir in cold; rub a mold with rosewater, and pour in the butter and set on ice to become firm.—Boston Herald.

Fruit Salad: Put a box of gelatin to soak in one pint of cold water for one hour. Add one pint of boiling water, two cupfuls of granulated sugar, juice of three lemons and three oranges; let it come to a boil, and when cooler pour over layer of sliced bananas, white grapes and pineapples, first a layer of fruit, then of the gelatin, till your dish is cold; set it away to cool. Whip up sweet cream, season with sugar and a very little pineapple; when ready for the table put the whipped cream on the salad.—Housekeeper.

—The waste grease and fat from the kitchen can be disposed of to very good advantage by making it into soap. It need not be much trouble if you will proceed as follows: Fry out bits of beef suet and other fat and waste grease, and strain out the oil into a stone pot until you get from four to four and a half pounds. Put the contents of a pound box of concentrated lye into a stone vessel and pour three pints of cold water into it; stir with a stick until it dissolves and becomes boiling hot; then let it cool till lukewarm. In the meantime, melt the fat, and when both lye and grease are barely lukewarm, pour a tiny stream of lye into the fat, stirring briskly, otherwise it will not form soap. In thirty to forty minutes it becomes thick, like honey. Then pour into a wet vessel and next day eat it raw.

—"August Flower" my

Dyspepsia disappeared,

and since that time I

have never had the first sign of it.

I can eat anything without

the least fear of distress. I wish all

that are afflicted with that terrible

disease or the troubles caused by

it would try August Flower, as I

am satisfied there is no medicine

equal to it.

—D. SWIFT, BOSTON.

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LEGENDS RELATING TO MUSIC.

The Origin of the Chinese Scale—A Cruel Mingo Emperor.

The Chinese claim to have obtained their musical scale from a miraculous bird. There are also traditions regarding the inventions of musical instruments. The most popular ones of the Chinese are assigned to a period when China was under the sway of "Heavenly spirits," about B. C. 3,000.

Confucius, the great Celestial philosopher, on one occasion, happening to hear some divine music, is reported to have been so enraptured as not to have tasted food for three months. It is a Japanese tradition that the Sun Goddess, in resentment of the violence of a brother, retired into a cave, leaving the universe in darkness. The gods, in their concern for the welfare of mankind, devised music to draw her from her retreat, and were successful.

An old Swedish tradition tells of a harper who made his instrument out of the bones of a young girl killed by a wicked woman. Her fingers were the tuning screws and her golden hair the strings. The harper played and the murderer was killed.

The Hindoos tell of days long gone when the gods forbade mortals to sing a certain song or pain of being burned to death. A cruel emperor once commanded a celebrated musician to sing that song. In vain the unhappy man attempted to excuse himself. The emperor was firm.

The musician, after bidding his family an affectionate farewell, placed himself in the waters of the Jumna until they reached his neck. After he had sung a strain or two the water became hot and began to boil. In terrible agony, the musician pleaded again to be excused, but the inexorable monarch commanded that the song be finished. The musician continued his singing, and, although immersed in water, flames burst from his body and it was reduced to ashes.

The legendary fairies are proverbially fond of music, and are described as "a numerous, merry people, always singing like crickets." Among the many stories told about them is the following: "A New Zealand chief had gone out with his dogs to hunt. When night came on he found himself on the top of a high hill. Then it was that the fairies approached and almost frightened him to death.

"He lighted a fire, and that scared them a little. Whenever the fire blazed up brightly off went the fairies and hid themselves, and when it burned low back they came close to it, singing and dancing merrily. The terrified chief suddenly beheld himself of his japa- uch ornaments and his ear-rings made from the tooth of a shark.

"Inantly tearing them from his person, he placed them on a stick driven into the ground. The fairies approaching looked at the jewels and departed, leaving the trinkets on the stick."

Then, too, there is the characteristic Irish story of Maurice Connor, a celebrated bag-piper. One day, as he was playing on the seashore, as be was a beautiful lady with green hair came up from the sea, dancing and singing most charmingly.

When she invited him to go with her and to marry her he could not resist. Thus Maurice Connor became the husband of the beautiful sea nymph. And the union was happy, too, for say the people of Kerry, on a still night the sounds of a bag-pipe off the coast are heard, and they are quite sure that it is Connor's music which they hear.

The story is told of a famous Arab musician named Al-Farabi, who appeared in disguise, before the court of caliph of Bagdad, while that monarch was enjoying his daily concert. Al-Farabi was permitted to exhibit his skill. He began to sing in a peculiar way and accompanied himself on the flute. All the courtiers and even caliph himself began to laugh uproariously. Suddenly the musician changed his tune, and his audience were moved to tears. Again he sang and played. This time with such effect that the courtiers became furious and would have fought each other had not the musician appeased them. Al-Farabi concluded his entertainment by soothsaying his auditors to sleep.—Toledo Blade.

IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Some Quaint Peculiarities of the People of the Green Isle.

I had a talk with an intelligent man who lived for a long time in the west of Ireland, says H. Vere White, and he told me of some superstitions current there which may be new to some as they were to me. It is very unlucky to strike anything with a branch from an elder tree. If a boy in play strikes another with such a branch, it must be broken at once, or the stricken boy will never thrive; so of a pig, or any animal. You must not throw out soiled water from your cabin door at night; unless you first make a long speech, in Irish, to the fairies, warning them off the ground. It is unlucky to tell the exact price of a cow, or other animal, recently bought; but you may go near it—e. g., Pat meets Mick driving a cow, and says: "You've been after buying that cow?" Mick—"Indeed, an' I have." Pat—"That didn't cost less than ten pounds." Mick—"Sure, you're not far out!" on—"You may add a pound or two to that."

This notion may be connected with what you happily style the "Polarizing superstition." But the following is a clearer instance of it: You must always add, "God bless her!" if you praise an animal belonging to a neighbor. A native will never omit this; and if a stranger says, "That's fine cow," without adding the charm, the owner will reward him of his duty: "You might say, 'God bless her!'"

It is fatally unlucky, if you are churning, to allow a fire to be taken out of the house. If a neighbor comes in to light his pipe, and sees the churn at work, he will turn away with an apology; a stranger will be refused the light, politely but firmly.

You must put salt in your blanket when you are going to mill; and it is safer, if you are going out at night, to take the bongs or poker in your hands, as the "holy iron" will keep away wicked spirits.

The English superstitions about going under a ladder, or spilling salt, are I think, confined here to members of the "English garrison." They have been imported and are not known among the really poor Irish.—Chicago Journal.

Not enough.

He (passionately)—One kiss before I go.

She (disgustedly)—Well, if you do not want to kiss me more than once you need not kiss me at all.—Jury.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Robert Grant, the Boston lawyer and writer, is thirty-nine years old and has a delightful home on Commonwealth Avenue. His practice confines him so closely that he has little time for literary work, although he attempts to devote an hour of each day to writing.

—Edmunde de Preuse, the late French Protestant writer, had undergone the operation of tracheotomy and had lost the power of speech. Writing was then his only means of communication with his family. But his wife had become blind from a cataract, and their intercourse was sadly restricted.

—Antoine Chapu, the French sculptor, who recently died from influenza, executed a bust of President Garfield last year, making his model in Bonn's studio, where that painter was at work simultaneously on a portrait. He was a bright, vigorous gentleman of fifty-eight years, and was often seen at receptions and fêtes with a lovely daughter, who completely tyrannized over him.

—The New York and Chicago Press Clubs have somewhat similar schemes for the erection of suitable club buildings. The New York Press Club, with about \$10,000 already subscribed toward a building fund, has approved a report of its building committee in favor of buying a site in Park place, 50 by 100 feet, for \$375,000, and putting up a building at a cost of \$300,000.

—An amusing story is told of the ex-Emperor of Germany going to make a friendly visit to her majesty, Victoria of England. The French queen naturally wore her "gown of ceremony" with trailing skirt and the sensible little English sovereign with her customary short petticoat and strong low-heeled boots, entertained her distinguished visitor by dragging her train and all, through the flush for a walk about the park at Windsor.

—Russia claims to possess the oldest soldier in the world in Col. Grifzenko, of Pottava, near Odessa, who on February 7 celebrated his one hundred and seventeenth birthday. Entering the service in 1789, over one hundred years ago, he received from the hands of the Empress Catherine, after the taking of Ismail, where he was serving under Suvoroff, the military gold medal. This bears the inscription: "For exceptional bravery at the assault of Ismail, December 11, 1789."

—The King and Queen of Denmark gave their granddaughter, the Princess Louise, when she was confirmed, white enamel furniture with pale blue Persian rugs and hangings for her boudoir. Her mother, the crown prince, gave her a gold-mounted Bible; her father, a watch set with diamonds; the emperor and empress of Russia, emeralds; and the princess of Wales a diamond-studded fan and a ruby-mounted bouquet holder.

—It is announced that Mrs. Grant will not allow the reminiscences she has written of her late husband, Gen. U. S. Grant, to be published. She has been at work on them for some time and intended at first that they should appear in one of the magazines. Her materials included all Gen. Grant's private letters to her, many of them having valuable comments on his part in the war. She has changed her mind now about publishing the reminiscences and will leave them as a record to her children.

—**HUMOROUS.**—No, Clarissa, when the bouquet of wine is spoken of it is not the blossom on the drinker's nose that is referred to.—Washington Post.

—Professor—Name the bones of the skull. Rattled Student—Oh! indeed, sir, I've got them in my head, but I just can't think of their names, sir.—Philadelphia Record.

—"I think," said the disconsolate farce comedian, "that I'll go and get vaccinated." What for? "To see if I can't find something that will take."—Washington Post.

—A Delightful Thing to Contemplate, "I don't think papa cares much for you, Fred," she whispered, softly. "That's all right," he replied, "forewarned is forearmed, you know." "Would it be nice," she continued, in a much lower whisper, "if you were really four-armed?"—Epoch.

—Which?—A beautiful young lady and her once beautiful mother were walking down the street together when they met two gentlemen whom the mother knew. "How much your daughter resembles you," exclaimed one. "How closely you resemble your daughter," exclaimed the other. Now which of these gentlemen was invited home to tea?—Somerville Journal.

—Mick—"Did you buy that cow you were asking about?" Suburban—"No! I was going to, but Wilkins told me just in time that the critter hadn't any upper teeth."—Mick—"I suppose you know that Wilkins bought her?" Suburban—"No, did he?"—Mick—"And that cows never have any upper teeth?" Suburban—"Thunder! That's so!"—Boston Transcript.

—The safest plan to pursue at a social reception, where the waiters and the male guests are clad in swallow-tails, is to jam your hands into your pantaloons pockets and jingle a few coins when you meet a stranger. If his eyes begin to bulge and his hand commences to travel toward you, he's a walter. This is a straight tip.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—This morning, writes a Sunday-school teacher, "I gave the children a little talk about their souls. When I had done, I thought I would ask them a few questions to see if they understood what I had told them. So I began: 'What did God give us besides our bodies?'—'Perhaps you can imagine what my emotions were when they instantly responded, 'Lads!'—Harrer's Bazaar.

—Percy (aged five)—"Papa, if you had been married to Harry Lee's mamma, and Harry's papa had been married to my mamma, whose boy would I have been, anyhow?"—Papa (coughing very hard behind his paper)—"I—I—well, Percy, my dear, I think this is a lovely day for a little boy to go out and play. You'd better run right out now, like a good little boy."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—She Read the Papers.—A certain little girl, who is just learning to read short words, takes great interest in the big letters she sees in the newspapers. The other evening, after she had kept her mamma busy reading the advertisements in the newspapers to her, she knelt down to say her prayers. "Dear Lord," she lisped, "make me pure; then she hesitated, and went on, with added fervor, a moment later, "make me absolutely pure, like baking powder."

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I have the following described property which I will sell at reasonable figures: Lots 11 and 12 in Block 12, Second addition; Lot 3 in Block 6, First addition; Lot 11 in Block 1, Second addition; Lots 1 and 2 in Block 9, on Thayer St., or will sell my two houses and lots on Stevens street.

L. HORN.

Taken Up.

Came to my premises Monday, June 15, one red cow and calf, with white forehead, white hips, short horns, five or six years old. The owner is requested to call and pay charges and take same away. Residence corner of Rose and Mason Sts., Rhinelander.

LUKE CHASTON.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The firm of Gothic & Dennis, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, C. H. Gothic retaining the firm. The business will be conducted as before by J. Dennis, who will collect all bills and pay all accounts against said firm.

Dated June 26th 1884.

C. H. GOthic
J. Dennis.



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